

## EARLY POTATOES VERY IMPORTANT

Some Essential Points in Growing That Average Gardener Is Apt to Overlook.

### FOOD SUPPLY MUST BE READY

Good, Plump, Disease-Free Seed and Plenty of Fertilizer Are Essential—Keep Bugs Off by Dusting or Spraying.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Irish potatoes are grown in most home gardens, but there are just a few points in the potato-growing game that the home gardener is likely to overlook which are very important. First of all, potatoes grow quickly, and their food supply must be all ready and waiting for them in the soil. Second, they are heavy feeders and want plenty to draw upon. In other words, the soil for Irish potatoes must not only be rich but it must be rich in plant food of certain kinds. Land that was well manured the previous season, and which contains plenty of organic matter is best. The first step in preparing the soil will be to spade or plow it in to a depth of eight or nine inches, then break up the clods, if there be any, and pulverize the soil practically as deep as it is spaded or plowed.

#### How to Use Fertilizer.

Common fertilizers give good results for growing potatoes, especially if the fertilizer contains potash, as potatoes require more potash than is usually present in the soil. Fertilizer manufacturers mix special brands for potatoes, and these are generally rather rich in potash. How much fertilizer to use will depend upon the fertility of the soil, but as a rule eight pounds to each 100 feet of row will be about right. A good way to apply the fertilizer is to make the holes or furrows and drop the pieces of seed potato, cover them with an inch or two of soil, then scatter the fertilizer along the row so that it will become well mixed with the soil in completing the covering of the seed. Another method is to scatter the fertilizer in the furrow and mix it with the soil before dropping the pieces of seed potato.

#### Best Kind of Seed.

Small, shriveled potatoes, left in the bottom of the barrel at the end of winter, are not fit for seed. Only plump, disease-free potatoes, on which the sprouts are beginning to start, should be used for seed. Seed grown in Maine, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, or some other special seed producing section will as a rule give best results. Seedsmen get the seed potatoes



Potatoes Should Be Cut Into Chunky Pieces With at Least One Eye to a Piece.

shipped in by the carload and then sell them to gardeners in small quantities. It takes about ten bushels (800 pounds) of seed potatoes to plant an acre. One bushel of seed will plant one-tenth of an acre, which is a space 43 feet wide by 100 feet long. A peck of seed potatoes (10 pounds) should plant 300 feet of row, each potato being cut into chunky pieces having at least one good eye to a piece.

Seed potatoes should not be cut until all ready to plant. Whenever seed potatoes are cut and allowed to stand, the cut surfaces dry out, turn black and the seed loses vitality very rapidly. Scabby or diseased seed potatoes should not be used for planting. The variety of potatoes to plant will depend largely upon locality. Irish Cobbler is one of the leading early varieties while Rural New Yorker, Early Ohio, Triumph, Green Mountain, and others are grown extensively. Plant the variety most commonly grown in the locality, but be sure that the seed is free from disease and is in good, sound condition.

Do not plant potatoes too deep. Four inches is about the proper depth. Leave the surface almost level and see that there are no clods, stones, or pieces of sod directly over the hills. Potatoes are one of the first garden crops to plant in the springtime, and it is safe to put the seed in the ground two or three weeks before the date of the last heavy frost. In case there is likely to be a freeze after the plants come up, cover them with an inch or two of loose earth to protect them. They may be uncovered as soon as the weather warms up or they come up through the soil themselves.

## GARDEN VALUE AIDED BY PERENNIAL CROPS

Bush Fruits Should Be Grown Where Space Permits.

Asparagus Will Thrive Almost Everywhere in Good Soil—Rhubarb Can Be Planted Along Fence—Utilize All Space.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Plantings of perennial fruit and vegetables add to the interest and value of every home garden. In localities where they may be grown, some fruit trees and bush fruits should be planted wherever space permits. In addition to the small fruits there are a few permanent vegetables which should not be overlooked.

One of these is asparagus, which will thrive almost anywhere, provided it is planted in good soil. A plot of ground 15 to 20 feet square in one corner of the garden will supply all of the asparagus needed by an average family.

A few hills of rhubarb in sections where it will grow can be planted along the garden fence and furnish the family supply. The same is true of horse radish and of a number of the herbs, including thyme, tarragon, sage.

Grapes of the type and variety suited to the locality should always be included in the home garden. These can be grown on an arbor over the



Crops Like These Can Be Raised in Almost Any Garden.

walk where they require no extra space. Four to six vines of the standard varieties, and one or two of the southern type in their proper locality, will be sufficient.

In planning the garden, plant the perennial things where they will not interfere with the preparation of the ground and the cultivation of the regular vegetable garden. Place them around the outbuildings, along the fences and in the corners where they will not be in the way. Bulletins telling how to cultivate the various small fruits can be obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture.

### BUSH VELVET BEAN FAVORED

Particularly Useful With Corn as It Does Not Make Harvesting a Difficult Problem.

Reports from 400 cooperators of the United States Department of Agriculture who tested bush velvet bean in 1920 for the first time are highly commendatory. Three-fourths of those reporting consider the bean a market success, and over half of them believe it to be superior to any other variety, everything taken into consideration. Two uses of the bean meet with particularly enthusiastic praise. First, is its use in corn, where its non-twining habit is very desirable, as it does not pull the corn down and make harvesting difficult as do the twining varieties. Second, it is found ideal as a cover and green manure crop in citrus orchards, being far superior for this purpose to any other legume yet found. Its use should considerably reduce the fertilizer bill for citrus orchards.

### LATE CROP AFTER POTATOES

Corn Can Be Planted Between Rows About Two Weeks Before Tubers Are Harvested.

In most sections the early potatoes can be followed by a late crop of sweet corn planted between the rows of potatoes about two weeks before the potatoes are dug. Late cabbage plants can be set between the rows of potatoes, then the soil worked about the cabbage plants when the potatoes are dug. Turnips can be grown broadcast on the land after early potatoes. Late potatoes, planted about June 1 to 20 in the north and late in July in the south, occupy the ground until frost and produce the main supply for winter use.

### BIG VIRTUE OF SANDY SOILS

Roots of Plants Pass Through It Readily, But It Dries Out Quickly—Clay Holds Water.

The chief virtue of sandy soil is that the roots of plants can pass through it readily; its chief fault is that it dries out too quickly. Clay soil holds water well, but it tends to pack and harden. Both types of soil need stable manure—it loosens up clay and helps sand to hold moisture.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

What poets feel not, when they make A pleasure in creating. The world, in its turn, will not take Pleasure in contemplating. —Matthew Arnold.

### ONE-PIECE DISHES.

A few dishes which may be prepared, baked and served from the baking dish will be greatly appreciated these spring days when extra work is crowding.



Potatoes and Bacon, Country Style.—Slice potatoes lengthwise and very thin. Put a layer of potatoes in a baking dish or casserole, add a sliced onion, salt and pepper, then a layer of thinly sliced bacon. Repeat the layers, having the bacon on top. Do not add any liquid, and see that the bacon is well spread so that the fat will season the dish well. Cover tightly and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Stew.—Take one and one-half pounds of lean boiling beef, one-fourth pound of suet, six medium sized potatoes, three small onions and six small carrots, with a small bag of mixed spices. Wipe and cut the meat and vegetables as for stew. Fry the suet till all is rendered. Pour off the fat and add the meat and onion, fry until brown, remove and add the potatoes, fry them and add the carrots. Put all into a casserole, add a generous sprinkling of flour, and salt with the bag of spice, bake two hours in a moderate oven. Remove the spice and serve from the casserole.

Baked Hamburger and Spaghetti.—Macaroni may be used in place of spaghetti in almost all dishes. Take a package of spaghetti, cook in boiling salted water, drain, add one can of tomatoes, five or six medium sized onions, chopped, one and one-half pounds of hamburger, fried in two tablespoonsful of sweet fat. Stir and season all until well mixed, then bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

Roast Beef With Yorkshire Pudding.—Roast the beef as usual, basting often. Mix two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of milk and three well-beaten eggs; beat well and turn into well-greased pans, filling half full and basting with the gravy from the roast, after the pudding has finished rising. Serve around the roast as a garnish.

Apricot Dainty.—Take one-half pound of dried apricots, cook until tender. Mash and add enough sugar to sweeten. Add one cupful of minced marshmallows and let them melt. Put into sherbet glasses and top with coconut, or chopped nuts.

Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is. —Lord Tennyson.

### DESSERTS AND OTHER DISHES.

A meal is never quite finished without something in the form of a dessert. It may be a stuffed date or two, a bit of fruit or simple confection; omitted, the meal is unsatisfactory.

Bread Pudding.—Take one and one-half cupfuls of fine soft bread crumbs, measured lightly; one egg, beaten, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar; one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of milk. Beat the sugar and salt into the beaten egg, add the milk and gradually stir into the crumbs. Let stand half an hour, then bake in a dish of hot water.

Spaghetti de Luxe.—Take a small package or less of spaghetti, one can chicken soup, one can mushrooms, one shredded green pepper and one-fourth cupful of buttered crumbs. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender, drain and blanch with cold water. Butter a baking dish, place in a layer of spaghetti, half of the mushrooms, and pepper and repeat until all are used. Cover with the can of chicken soup and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown.

Apples Scalloped With Bananas.—Take two large apples sliced, two bananas sliced, sprinkle in layers with sugar and orange juice, dot with bits of butter and repeat; bake in a buttered dish forty minutes.

Banana Float.—Take one pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one-half cupful of sugar, salt, vinegar, two bananas and whipped cream. Mix the cornstarch with a little of the cold milk, scald the remaining portion, add the cornstarch mixture and cook over hot water for ten minutes. Beat the eggs slightly, add sugar, salt, to the egg mixture. Stir the milk into the egg and return the custard to a double boiler and cook until thick and smooth. Cool, flavor and pour over two large ripe bananas cut in slices. Chill, and just before serving decorate with tiny floating islands of whipped cream and banana slices.

Nellie Maxwell

## DOG HUNTS GOAT FINDS LOST BOY

Collie Outclimbs Searchers on Mountain Side and His Barks Summon Help.

### WENT UP 1,000 FEET

Little Fellow Happy After Night in the Woods, but Unable to Tell of Adventures and Hardships He Underwent.

Winsted, Conn.—Henry Tammien, 3 years old, the son of a farmer living in the town of Colebrook, disappeared from his home one night just before sunset. He was found next morning two miles away from his home, standing at the edge of a cliff 1,000 feet high.

The child's recovery alive is due immediately to a collie, which was out with a searching party and was deflected from his duty by a wild goat which crossed his path. In following the goat half way up a mountain side he saw the boy and his furious barking was answered by the searching party.

#### Was Not Afraid.

No one except the child knows through what adventures and dangers he passed that night, for he is too young to give a connected account of his exploit and has slept almost continually ever since he was found. He declares he did not sleep at all during the night, but insists that he was not afraid, and would like to spend a night in the mountains again.

All the men and women who could be spared from their homes near the Tammien farm started out in search of little Henry that night after his father and mother had made frantic attempts to learn by telephone if any one had seen the child. The search was conducted in a thorough and systematic fashion and the mountainside was assigned to a party composed of the youngest and most active men. Such men as had good dogs took them along.

They spent all night in the woods which line the mountainside, built several fires to show the child where they were, and from time to time called his name with megaphones.



Found Little Henry Standing There.

Not even a footprint rewarded their search, the dogs picked up no trail at all, and toward morning a heavy rain added further discouragement to a situation which to most of the searchers began to appear hopeless. They had found the mountain such stiff climbing that a number of men dropped out of the search.

#### Dog Gives Chase.

John Foster, toward 5 o'clock in the morning, was about to call his dog and go down the mountain when the dog spied a wild goat in the underbrush and made after it. The goat went from rock to rock at a merry pace, and Foster's young collie held the chase until the goat had distanced him completely.

Ultimately the collie stopped at the edge of a cliff which loomed over Foster's head, and from which, as Foster thought, the animal was unable to make his way down. At least he made no attempt to return.

After a toilsome ascent Foster made his way to where the collie stood, still barking furiously. And as Foster reached the top of the cliff he found little Henry standing there, wet through with rain but full of cheer and smiles and apparently with no notion that his absence from home had cost any one a wink of sleep.

Burned When String Touched Wire. Wiley, Colo.—When a kite string, which in this case was a fine copper wire, struck a highly charged electric wire, Donald Coleburn, a ten-year-old boy, who was flying a kite, was badly burned.

Will Probe Drugging of Children. Westfield, Mass.—Cases of school children, apparently under the influence of ether, which is said to have been given them by their parents to lessen their appetites, will be investigated by state officials.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### LITTLE DORRIT

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

"A FFEERY, what girl was that in my mother's room just now?"

"Oh, she? Little Dorrit? She's nothing; she's a whim of—hers."

And thus Mrs. Flintwinch, wife of the crafty, crablike walking footman of the household, introduced to Arthur Clennam the name of the poor little seamstress of the paralytic Mrs. Clennam.

He had noted her pale, transparent face, quick in expression though not beautiful in feature, except for its soft hazel eyes. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work.

A strange presentiment came into Arthur's mind that, in some way, this gentle maiden was connected with his history.

For 20 years young Clennam had lived in China with his father, only to return now, puzzled over a mysterious watch which that father, in the very last moments of his life, had given to his son, murmuring faintly and indistinctly at the time: "Your mother." Naturally Arthur had assumed that it was intended for Mrs. Clennam, whom he and the world supposed to be his mother.

Inside the watch casing was an old silk paper with the initials D N F worked into it in beads. It was a message—but the young man could not fathom it and the old woman would not enlighten him. Was Little Dorrit, to whom the stony Mrs. Clennam paid such strange, unusual kindness, connected with the mystery?

They grew to see more of each other—the girl and the young man—and Arthur learned that the generous little Amy Dorrit was supporting not only her poor old father, who had been condemned to a debtor's prison, but also her pretty, frivolous sister, Fanny, and her wild, lazy brother, Tip. Under the then existing English laws they were all allowed to live with their father in that dreary prison.

Little wonder that Clennam often spoke kindly to her and that he helped the family. But love had not yet come to him—though it had to Little Dorrit. He heard the thrill in her voice, he saw the quickening bosom, and yet the remotest suspicion of the truth never dawned upon his mind.

It must be added here that Little Dorrit had innocently won the love of another man, the sentimental son of the prison turnkey, small of stature, with rather weak legs and very weak eyes, gentle but great of soul, poetical, faithful. If one were to doubt his devotion he need only read the inscription for his own tombstone, which the romantic youth had composed when Little Dorrit said "No" to him. It ran thus:

Here Lie the Mortal Remains of  
JOHN CHIVERY

Never Anything Worth Mentioning Who Died of a Broken Heart Requesting With His Last Breath That the Word

AMY

Might Be Inscribed Over His Ashes Which Was Done by His Afflicted Parents.

But, at last, the tables turned for our little heroine. A queer, kind-hearted rent collector, Pancks—a panting little steam-tug of a man, with his puffing and his pauses—had learned to value the friendship of the motherless girl, and so, having accidentally discovered that her father was the probable heir to an enormous estate, had run down the clues until finally the great wealth was turned over to old Mr. Dorrit.

Then away from the dreary prison hurried the entire family.

Yet riches brought slight pleasure to Little Dorrit. The much-changed father became ashamed of his debtor life, and with the now richly dressed sister and the gambling brother, put on many airs. The father even employed a chaperon named Mrs. General to teach Little Dorrit society manners.

"Don't say 'father,'" declared this lady, "papa is a preferable word; it gives a pretty form to the lips. 'Father' is rather vulgar, my dear. You will find it serviceable in the formation of a demeanor if you say to yourself, on entering a room filled with company, 'Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism.'"

At this juncture the wealthy Mrs. Merdle took an active part in the Dorrits' lives. The chuckle-headed son of the Merdles fell in love with Fanny, and after their marriage Mr. Dorrit put all his wealth into Mrs. Merdle's schemes—for had not this wonderful Merdle, through various mysterious movements, made tremendous fortunes for himself and others? By a strange fatality Arthur, too,

was led to invest his firm's money in the famous Mrs. Merdle's schemes.

And then the bubble broke. Merdle committed suicide. The Dorrits' money was gone. Arthur's firm was ruined and Arthur himself was thrown into prison—the same poor debtor's prison that had, for so long, been the home of Little Dorrit.

The days dragged wearily on. At last Arthur, despondent and crushed, haggard from brooding and stricken with fever, one day saw, as in a vision, kneeling before him the figure of dear Little Dorrit. She had hastened to make happier the lot of the man who had helped her family in the same gloomy surroundings and whom she loved. She nursed him in his sickness. She offered him all her money to help him overcome his distress. And then, as he refused the money, he realized, for the first time that she loved him—and that he, too, loved her.

A feeling of peace comes over his mind.

The clouds begin to break. And strange to say it is a rascally adventurer, Rigaud, a murderous jailbird with drooping nose and ascending mustache, who opens the rift still further for the sunshine. He has discovered Mrs. Clennam's secret, having stolen the strong box that Flintwinch had smuggled into Holland and in which lay a page of the will of Arthur's uncle, a page which Mrs. Clennam had concealed for years.

Rigaud visited the strange old lady. Leaning over the sofa, poised on two legs of his chair and his left elbow, coarse, insolent, rapacious, cruel, he reveals to her his knowledge.

Then, torn by the explosion of her passion, the old lady vehemently tells her own story.

She had learned, after Mr. Clennam's marriage to her (a marriage commanded by his overbearing uncle), that her husband had loved and gone through a sort of ceremony with a beautiful young singer whom Frederick Dorrit, a kind-hearted musician (the uncle of Little Dorrit), was his friend and giving an education. She had obtained the first clue from those initials in her husband's watch which she found years ago, signifying "Do Not Forget." She accused both her husband and the woman, who put the initials there.

Instantly Rigaud, seeking to blackmail the old lady, declared he had deposited with the niece, Little Amy Dorrit, then at the prison with Arthur, a packet containing the suppressed section of the will with instructions to open it at a certain hour unless reclaimed by him. What would Mrs. Clennam pay him to reclaim it? To the astonishment of all, the paralytic old lady rises to her feet and rushes from the house to the prison; seeks Little Dorrit; calls for the packet, and then bids Amy read it, at the same time begging her to forgive the past.

"I forgive you freely," cried the generous girl.

"God bless you!" was the fervent and broken response.

And then came the good news that Arthur's firm had re-established itself and that he would be able now to leave the debtor's prison.

So they were married—but not before Little Dorrit had handed to Arthur a folded bit of legal paper asking him not to open it but to burn it in her presence.

"Is it a charm?" he asked, smiling. "And does the charm want any words to be said?" he added as he held the paper over the flames.

"You can say (if you don't mind) 'I love you!'" answered Little Dorrit.

So he said it and the paper burned away.

With it died the secret of Arthur's birth, never to be known to him; with it, also, Little Dorrit had voluntarily destroyed the evidence of her own legacy.

And they were married with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of Our Savior on the window.

Then they went quietly down into the roaring streets, inseparable and blessed; and, as they passed along in the sunshine and shade, the noisy and the eager and the arrogant and the froward and the vain fretted, and chafed, and made their usual uproar.

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#### From Coal Gas.

An English engineer, Ernest Bury, claims that he has succeeded in extracting ethylene alcohol from coal-oven gas on a commercial scale, says the Scientific American. The practical working of the process at the Skidmore works, where 5,800 tons of coal are carbonized per week, reveals an average yield of 1.6 gallons of alcohol per ton of coal. The total weight of coal reduced to coke in this country during 1918 was 14,635,000 tons, so that the application of Mr. Bury's process to this quantity of coal would yield 23,416,840 gallons of alcohol, which would be available as liquid fuel. Coal treated at gas works would yield a further 27,000,000 gallons, or 114,000,000 gallons of liquid fuel per annum could be produced from the carbonization of coal in this country toward meeting the total requirement of about 100,000,000 gallons.

#### Ancient Iron Column.

There is in Delhi a wrought iron column which was placed there nearly 1,800 years ago, and at the present time shows practically no signs of deterioration.